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POPULAR TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

ADVENTURES IN THE WRONG HOUSE.

BY DR. A. MONTGOMERY BIRD.

I know not what extraordinary conjunction of the planets took place on the first Friday of June, 183—nor how my own planet, in particular, came to perform so many antics, in or out of its proper sphere. Before that day, I had never had an adventure in my life; the current of my existence had flowed as evenly and quietly as the stream of a mill pond; and no wit or skill of author-craft could have spun out my biography beyond the compass of a single paragraph. I was born, and I lived for twenty-five years—that is all I lived in a village, too, and my name, (as it still is), James J. Smith. There was nothing further in my history worthy of being mentioned; except that, twenty-five years old, finding myself unencumbered by any near relatives, and possessed of a moderate estate, sufficient for all my reasonable wants, (and I had no unreasonable ones), I began to weary of my rather dull and lonely existence, and cast about for some means of relief. I was balancing between two great projects, one of travel, the other of matrimony; both, indeed, in a very general way, for I was not in love with any body, or any particular place; when a letter from my old college-mate and correspondent, Harry Brown, of Virginia, determined me in favor of the former. He was just forming a familiar party for a trip to Niagara; which party he invited me to join at Philadelphia, where he expected to arrive at an early day; and he promised to bring along with him a very charming unmarried cousin of his, who might perhaps, he said, assist me in trying the other project, as soon as I got tired of travelling, provided only that I had the spirit, (and it required great spirit), to woo and win her; all of which I regarded as a friendly pleasantry on the part of my old chum.

I went accordingly to Philadelphia, and at Harry's suggestion, took lodgings at a fashionable boarding-house, at which he intended stopping, and where I designed to await him. It was on Friday afternoon that I arrived, and having established myself in a comfortable chamber, I sallied out to see somewhat in the city, and inquire at the post office for letters from my friends. I received two letters, one from Harry, of a somewhat mysterious quality; the other from a stranger, and of a character still more inexplicable; both of them written from Baltimore. Harry informed me that he was on the way with his party, and hoped to be in Philadelphia the following day; and he added, (and this was the mysterious part of his letter), that his foresaid cousin, who was about to be snatched away from me by a particular fatality; yet he did not despair, he by a particular fatality, upon reaching Philadelphia, and his yet winning smile sufficient to undertake a most formidable, exclaimed I, 'whom I never heard of before, except in his last letter; and I cannot but be gratified, I banished the memory of both, to examine and wonder over the second letter from my unknown correspondent. It was as follows:—

MY DEAR SON.—Should be in Philadelphia Friday evening, with E., to sign, seal, kiss and squabble, according to compact, place afore-mentioned. Shall expect you—ring, posies, bladders and hyperics. Alas! promised your dad I would, and I still, and hyperics, resulteth.

This letter was formally directed to James J. Smith, Presto restante, Philad; was manifestly written in an old man's hand; and as far as I could gather any sense from its odd and broken expressions, alluded to a marriage which was in progress, doubtless, between E., (who was she?) on the one part, and Mr. James J. Smith on the other. But who was Mr. James J. Smith? Not myself, certainly; but who never dreamed of marriage, except as a future contingency, and had never made serious love or proposals to any human being. No; it was apparent—this was confirmed by the allusion to the 'place afore-mentioned,' well known, of course, to the person addressed, and I was myself, in the world, and in Philadelphia, for whom this letter was designed, and to whom it was manifest from the terms of it, its loss might prove extremely inconvenient.

Under these circumstances, I perceived I had nothing to do but to return it to the post office, that it might reach my namesake, and I was retracing my steps for that purpose, when I was interrupted by a gentleman, or a person dressed like a gentleman, but I thought there was something unpleasant and sinister in his looks, who stepped up to me, and with a low bow and a grinning smile, told me, 'he believed he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. James J. Smith?' 'That is certainly my name,' said I. 'But'—

to town here: I know Old Rusty is coming, if he has not come already, and the rich young lady with him. The letter, sir, that you just received, sir? Here the fellow burst into a loud laugh at the look of amazement I put on, at finding him so familiar with the mysterious epistle; and added, somewhat contemptuously, 'I did not think Mr. James J. Smith such a spongy, to give the public the benefit of reading his letters over his shoulders in the street. In short, sir, as I said, I don't intend to trouble you just now, nor to be clamored hereafter. I shall wait, sir, till the happy hour is over; and then, sir, humbly claim to renew acquaintance, without renewing the note, sir! till when, your obedient servant to command, sir'.

With that my gentleman bowed and stalked off, stroking his whiskers with an air of unutterable magnificence which I have not seen equalled by any but blacklegs.

This little incident, besides moving somewhat of choler, quite changed my resolution of restricting the letter to the post office and thereby to my namesake. It seemed now apparent that my alter ego was some rascally adventurer, the fellow, as well as prey, of him who bore his note of hand; and it appeared, therefore, impossible that such a fellow could pretend, in any honest way, to the hand of the 'rich young lady,' referred to by the note holder, and doubtless, the fair E. of the letter. I felt that I could punish, if not defeat the schemes of a rogue, and perhaps protect a deserving girl and a deceived parent, by keeping Mr. T. B.'s letter in my pocket, and into my pocket accordingly, I thrust it. At all events, the interception of the letter would create a delay; and delay might effect the desired purpose.

I spent the remainder of the afternoon rambling about the city, viewing it, and, as I thought till the last moment, without further adventure. But just as I was hunting my way back to my boarding-house to tea, I was stopped by a sharp but rather timid-looking young fellow, a tailor's clerk, who begged my pardon, he believed I was Mr. James J. Smith, reminded me, Snip & Shears, hinted that they had written to me two or three times on the subject, observed that times were hard, and concluded by insinuating the pleasure I would confer upon those gentlemen if I would be so good as to walk with him, forthwith, down to their shop, which was only seven or eight squares off.

I replied to all this, that he had mistaken his man, that I loved Messrs. Snip & Shears nothing; and upon his presuming to express some incredulity at the denial, I threatened to break his bones; upon which he became alarmed and retreated. But I observed him following me at a distance, and dorging me all the way to my boarding-house.

After tea, having no acquaintance in the city, I went to one of the theatres to pass the evening, and passed it, in the main very pleasantly. I was, indeed, at one time annoyed by the conduct of two or three ill-dressed, but noisy young fellows in the next box, who, from their discourse, I soon set down as gamblers and determined rascals. One of them, who had red hair, I observed was very genteel in his appearance, but who was an abandoned desperado in his conversation; and from some remarks which he made, I perceived that he was a personage rather than my worthy namesake, Mr. James J. Smith himself. Thus, in the midst of their laughing and whispering, I overheard the expressions, 'Old Rusty,' 'the girl,' 'rich and confidently handsome,' 'hard-headed old hunk,' &c.; and Mr. Redhead himself swore with an oath, 'if the blood-suckers would give him but two days, he would hold up his head again with the best of them.' I tried in vain to catch the fellow's name; and soon after he had uttered the words related, another young man came into the box, and told him, 'there were hawks on the wing; upon which he looked alarmed, his companions laughed, and they all immediately left the theatre.

I could then attend to the performance without interruption; and I had been for some time absorbed in the interest of the scene, when I was suddenly aroused by a voice whispering in my ear, 'I say, Mr. James J. Smith, if you please, there is no place for a gentleman of your inches. There are buzzards abroad who will stop all marrying and giving in marriage. And if you mean to give up that chance, hang me, my fine fellow, if I shan't be the first to arrest you!'

I looked around, and was engaged to perceive the note-holder, who gave me a significant nod, and immediately walked away. 'How provoking,' thought I, 'to have all these vagabonds take me for that rascal, my namesake. Yet there is something, after all, in his counsel. It would not be agreeable to be arrested, even by mistake; and since there is no one in the city to whom I can appeal for character and identity. To-morrow Brown will be here, and then I shall be safe enough.'

These thoughts determined me to leave the theatre, and go home. But I had scarcely got the distance of a square before I had the misfortune to be tapped on the shoulder by an officer, who told me he had a writ for me on the suit of Messrs. Snip & Shears; and requested me to favor him with my company to the magistrate's. At the same time I perceived the tailor's clerk, who had evidently kept me in view, and pointed me out to the officer. It was in vain for me to protest I was not the man intended; Mr. Clerk and the gentleman were very good at that story. What, I asked myself, if it should happen not to suit the convenience of Messrs. Snip & Shears to attend at the magistrate's? I felt very well assured I should be liberated as soon as they saw me; but they might have delegated the whole business to the clerk, who would not hesitate to swear I was James J. Smith, because I had admitted I was; and then bail would be demanded, and for want of it, I must be immediately packed off to prison.

I perceived, ran at the back of the houses, bounded the yards or gardens, which were merely enclosed with walls or fences, with a garden gate at each house. The idea struck me that I might perhaps enter the boarding-house through the back gate, which I knew must be the second one, for the house itself was the second beyond the alley. I tried the latch; it did not yield; but I had not withdrawn my hand when the gate was thrown open, and, upon rushing in, it was immediately closed again, and bolted behind me; and this, I was certain, without my having been seen from without; for none of my pursuers had got into the alley. Besides, the gate was overhung by a great tree, which darkened the alley and the whole yard; so that I could see nothing of the person who had let me in, except that it was a woman. And this she made still more manifest by taking me round the neck, and giving me a hearty buss, exclaiming,

'Is it you, Jimmy, my dear? And how came you so late? and what is it makes all this racket and running?' 'Oh!' I whispered in some confusion, 'there has been a fight, and the police are taking up everybody.' 'That's just like you, Jimmy, you goose,' said my unknown darling, giving me another buss; 'stopping to see every light, though you might lose a fortune by it. But come along; don't say a single word. I'll take you up stairs. I've put out the lights. Have you got your Sunday's best on? Yes, I feel that you have—Don't say one word, or somebody will discover us.'

Who was my innamorato? That was more than I could tell. But it was evident she took me for some one else, her sweetheart; and that was a character which, to avoid discovery, I felt compelled to keep up, until I had got into the house, when I designed giving her the slip, and retreating to my own chamber. But this, I found was an achievement not to be immediately effected; for, first, she held me very lovingly round the neck in bonds; and next, when we got into the house through the back door, it was so dark that I could recognize nothing I knew; every thing was novelty and mystery. But I could hear various sounds of mirth and chatter, and especially two or three pianos and other musical instruments, echoing in different parts of the house.

In this confused state the damsel led me up to a little room at the head of the stairs on the second story, where, being, if possible, still more in the dark than ever, she gave me a new hug, and said,

'Now, Jim, lad, I'll tell you all about it, and what you are to do, exactly. You see, she is to run away' (she thought I; what she?) 'and I with her—at least, she thinks so. We are to go off in the cars to Baltimore; they go in half an hour; and she's in a great hurry. I suppose she has a lover down there; but he can't be worth having, if he won't come after her. We are to go off in his clothes; because we shall travel by night, and nobody will know us, or follow us. I am to wear whiskers as you've got, Jimmy—so as to look old and fierce, and keep people off; and she's to be my little brother, a schoolboy. Aint it fine, Jim?'.

'Oh, yes,' said I, beginning to wonder and be interested at this opening of plot and conspiracy among people I did not know, and marvelling what share I was expected to play in the drama. 'I've no doubt,' quoth my new acquaintance, 'she would give me a heap of money, for she's rich, and loves me; and I told her I was once rich too—my father was before me—(which was more than the truth) for all I'm no more than a chambermaid.'

'Oh!' thought I, 'are you there, Abigail?' 'But here's my idea, Jim,' she continued, with vivacity, 'and it's a good one. If the young lady might give me much, how much more might the old gentleman give me—he who has got all the chink in his own hands—when he finds the young lady is gone, lost away, as it might be, for ever, how much would he give me to restore her? Why, I reckon, a whole fortune; and so I am resolved upon it. And here's the way we are to manage it. Instead of my running off with her, you are to do it, pretending to be me; and she won't know the difference, because of the darkness, (you are to talk only in whispers), and she will think the disguise makes such an alteration! Then, instead of taking her to the cars, you take her right home to our house; she knows no more of the town than she does of the moon; then you can pretend to be frightened and run into the house for shelter, and then it is too late for the cars, and she must remain till next night, you know; and she can sleep in my room, and there you lock her up safe till morning. Then I come and finish the business, and get the fortune; and then, Jim, we'll get married and set up for ourselves!'

Here the faithless Abigail gave me another embrace, expressive of delight and triumph, and then, charging me to remain quiet until she returned, slipped from the room, and left me shut up in darkness. I hesitated whether or not to obey her. My first inclination was, certainly, to creep out, now that the coast was clear, and find my way to my own apartment, and yet I had a fancy to follow the adventure to its end, so far, at least, as to see that the eloping lady came to no mischief. But when I began to question who this adventuress could be, and to remember that, although I had seen a great many young ladies at the tea-table in the evening, none of them were particularly handsome, I confess I lost so much of my interest in the matter as to resolve to finish my share of it instantly, retire to bed, and leave the incognita to her destinies. I began to grope for the door, not without making some noise against opposing chairs and tables, when the door was suddenly opened, and I was horrified by a man's voice, murmuring, in an eager whisper,

'I say, Suke, confound it, where are you? and why don't you speak to me?' My fears told me the new comer could be no other than Jimmy, the loitering sweetheart and confederate of Abigail, or Susan, as her name appeared to be. I kept as still as a mouse, in-

tending, as soon as he should have crept by me, to slip out of the room. But fate, or Jimmy, had determined otherwise. 'I say, Suke, he murmured, 'why did you bolt the gate? Why didn't you let me in? Why don't you speak?' 'I know you are here, for I heard you. And now you jade, I've caught you!' In fact, he had. But no sooner did his fingers come in contact with a whiskered cheek and a contact with a whiskered cheek and a velvet coat-collar, than he uttered a dismal cry, 'Oh, lord, it's a man!' and turned to retreat. But I had the advantage of him, and was nearest the door, just as the scheming Susan, perhaps alarmed at the bustle, came running into the room with a light, but at the sight of me she was so terrified that both she and her light dropped on the floor together, the latter going out in the fall; so that I had just time to notice that she was a buxom wench of eighteen or twenty, that the door was left wide open, and that the passage to which it led was an exact counterpart of that in the boarding-house on which my chamber lay; to which, therefore, I felt I could now make my way without further trouble. It was under a sudden impulse, and with the idea of punishing the treacherous chambermaid, that, as I stepped out, I closed and locked the door, for I felt the key was on the outside; and so left her and Jimmy to settle their difficulties as they might, together.

I felt along the passage for the third door, which I had no doubt, led into my chamber, I reached it and was in the act of scratching about with my fingers for the knob, when the door was opened, and to my utterable confusion, I was seized upon by a young female, who, drawing me immediately in, and closing the door, said with a whispering voice, broken by merriment, 'How quick you are! All dressed already!—What an immense big boy you make! Where did you get such magnificent whiskers?' It was now that the idea first burst upon me that I had got into the wrong house; for I saw, at a glance, this was none of my chamber. It was a lady's boudoir, or ante-room to a sleeping apartment, from the open door of which latter apartment came a dim ray of light, by which it was obscurely illuminated. There was just light enough for me to make out objects, to discover my extraordinary blunder, to see (or part of this, perhaps, I fancied) that my new friend, who received me so warmly and familiarly, was a young lady irresistibly charming and beautiful, (oh! what a voice she had! and the touch of her hand set me beside myself), while her expressions made it apparent that she was no less a person than the fair incognita, Susan's employer, and that she had mistaken me for Susan dressed in man's apparel.

'Where did you get such magnificent whiskers?' she cried, and she actually pulled them with her fingers, in pure admiration. 'I never could have believed,' she continued, laughing, 'you could be so changed by clothes; that you would make such a beautiful young man! I declare, I—' as if I wanted you to make love to me! There was no resisting such an appeal as that. I immediately clasped her in my arms, and, as I gave a kiss from her lips, by which she was thrown into almost convulsions of laughter. 'Out, you hussy!' she cried; 'men are not so impudent. Bless me, don't be so ridiculous. There now, that's enough. But I wish I might light upon some such handsome young fellow for a sweetheart. I wonder how I shall look in my boy's clothes? But come along and help me, for I shall never get the queer things on without assistance.'

And here the beautiful creature made as if she would have pulled me along into the chamber; at which, in great terror, I dropped on my knees, and seizing her hand, exclaimed, 'Forgive me, dear madam. I have deceived you; or, rather, you have deceived yourself. I am not Susan, I am—'

At the first tone of my voice, for I had not spoken before, she turned wildly upon me. We were nearer the door of the chamber, and the light shone upon my face as I knelt. I never saw such a change from radiant mirthfulness to the extremity of terror. I saw she was going to shriek, I sprang up and placed my hand over her mouth.

'For heaven's sake, madam,' I cried, 'do not ruin me, and perhaps yourself. I will not insult you. I am a gentleman, the victim of a most extraordinary blunder, which has caused this intrusion, and made me an unexpected confidant in your intended elopement. Pray, madam, don't faint.' Certainly she looked so much like it that I was obliged to support her, and she was compelled to suffer me. 'I will make every reparation; I will retire. Nay, I will even assist you to fly; for Susan is faithless, (she designed to betray you), and you need a faithful attendant.'

'Sir—sir—sir,' stammered the beauty, to whom these allusions to the elopement gave life, while she calmed her with blushes; 'I need nothing but your immediate departure. For heaven's sake go. Oh! what, what will become of me?' And she wrung her hands and burst into tears. I never could stand a woman's tears; who can? And those of the beautiful stranger cut me to the soul, while they completed the fascination of my spirit. It was all over with me in a moment. I felt that I had suddenly fallen in love with her, and none the less deeply for knowing no more who she was, and what were her qualities, than if she had just stepped down from the moon; and fallen in love, too, to that pitch of desperation, the point of magnanimity. So down I dropped on my knees again, and again seized her hand, which she vainly tried to snatch from me; while I, not doubting her tears were, in part at least, owing to the interruption of the elopement and her consequent fears of losing her

lover, energetically repeated my offers of assistance, declaring, on the word of a gentleman, that I would faithfully carry her to the arms of her lover, even, I added, in a rage of zeal and despair, 'if I have to blow my own brains out the moment after.'

'Sir,' said she, hastily, 'I have no lover; I was not going to run away to a lover.' 'Heaven be praised,' cried I, 'for now you can run away with one! Madam, I am a gentleman, and a man of fortune, single, unengaged, and I love and adore you. My name is James J. Smith—'

Here she jerked away her hand, but I jumped and caught it again; for, though she started from me, it was not a start of displeasure. On the contrary, she blushed, and trembled, and looked pleased—I was sure she did—and she grew more pleased the more I told her how much I adored her; and when I presumed on her growing affection to throw my arm around her waist, she began to smile and giggle; in fact I thought she was going into hysterics, which is a proof of overpowering feeling; when—oh! surprise and mortification—she burst into a laugh, exclaiming, 'Oh! it is too ridiculous! But pray go,' she added hastily; 'for if Susan should return and find you—'

'No fear of her,' I cried, 'for I left her safe locked in her room along with Jimmy. I took care of the traitress and her confederate.'

'You did!' said the beauty, looking astonished and inquiring. 'Perhaps, then,' she continued hesitatingly, 'as—as you won't go, (oh! what an enchanting way of telling me I might stay. No wonder I kissed her! but it was a wonder how well she bore it!) 'As you won't go, perhaps you will tell me how you came to look her up, and who Jimmy is, and how you got into this house, and this room; for I am very curious—and—'

'You have a right to know all about it. It was all a blunder, the happiest, darlings blunder that ever was made. You must know,' said I, 'I thought this was my own boarding-house, Mrs. E's.'

'No,' said the beauty, sweetly, 'it is Mrs. F's.' 'I shall love Mrs. F. as long as I live. I made the mistake the more readily, because, being beset by the police for knocking down a rascally fellow, who had insulted me in the street, (I did not like to tell my charmer of the arrest, lest she should conceive some suspicion of me.) I attempted to get home through by-ways and the garden gate. Susan let me in; she was waiting for that rascally Jimmy, her sweetheart, who was to pretend to conduct you to the cars—'

'Oh no,' said my mistress; 'I never heard of Jimmy. Susan was to take me, and she was to be dressed in men's clothes—you know how I mistook you—what a great mistake I made.'

'Oh that it could be made over again,' said I, sincerely enough. I then proceeded with the story as I have already narrated it, exposing his schemes and the punishment, such it was, of Susan, and describing the illusion—the persuasion of its being my own chamber, in my own boarding-house—under which I had entered her boudoir. 'And now, my adored creature,' said I, 'if eloping is necessary, let us start forthwith, and—'

'Tis but stop—' at the first parson's or magistrate's.

'But—but,' murmured my mistress, with the sweetest accents, 'would you really marry—'

'I would, I will,' said I, clasping her in my arms. 'I take you for better or for worse, believing—for my soul tells me it—that you are an angel.'

'Oh, James!' said she, meltingly, 'don't you know me? I am Ellen, little Ellen, cousin Ellen. Didn't you get father's letter?' 'Heavens! what a surprising climax to the day's adventure! Was I to get my namesake's letters, father his debts, and marry his intended wife into the bargain? No wonder the dear creature should melt so soon, to find in me her supposed cousin and destined husband. But how was it she could be so deceived? Certainly she must have known her own cousin. And what was she going to elope for? These questions, and various others, which came crowding into my brain, were, without asking them, (for, in fact, I was for a while speechless), answered by the darling Ellen herself, who, with looks of the most confiding fondness, as if the matter was now quite settled, murmured—

'Aint it strange that we should come together so, and that we should lose, without knowing each other? But how should we, since we have never been together since we were children?—And I thought you had red hair too. How foolish. And when I thought you were only Susan disguised, and I wished I had just such a handsome looking person for a sweetheart, I said nothing but the truth; for, indeed, I loved you when I thought you were only Susan! And to think that I was going to run away from you!—Oh how unhappy I should have been if I had; and how happy I am that I did not!—And here my dear cousin (my cousin, indeed!) threw her arms round my neck in the sweetest way imaginable. I returned the caress, but expressed some of my astonishment by echoing her words—'

'Run away from me, indeed, from your cousin!'

'Oh! you know, I thought you had red hair; and I never could abide red hair,' said she. 'And then, father—if you remember father—you know he is so odd and obstinate. And then that contract—'

'Contract!' said I, 'what contract?'

'Why, with uncle John, to be sure; though it was not a contract, but only a promise; for, you know, ever since I was born, father and uncle John were determined we should be married together for some of their wise reasons about the

property. Now, cousin James," continued Ellen, "with unabated affection, which was the more agreeable, because these hints of the contract, or promise, with the wise reasons about property, struck a sudden chill in my bosom, as suggesting some great obstacles that might arise to my new-born love—" now cousin," continued the dear girl, "because I thought you had red hair, and because they were going to marry me to you whether I would or not, I hated you—it was so foolish and wicked—but I don't hate you now. And when we started off on this jaunt to Niagara, and father told me I must first be married to you, here in Philadelphia, I hated you more than ever; and when father told me that he had written to you to meet us to-day, and that he expected you, and if you came I should perhaps marry you to-night, I could endure it no longer. And so I made a confidante of that treacherous Susan, and we were to run away together."

"And whither, quoth I, 'were you going?' and why in boy's clothes?"

"Oh," replied Ellen, laughing, "we were going home, to be sure; and the disguise was to prevent our being tracked. I thought it would be so fine to be snug and safe at home, while father was hunting for me in all sorts of places; and then, after I had managed, through friends, to get him to let me off from the contract, he would be so delighted to find I had not run away, after all; for going home is not eloping, is it?"

Oh how I adored the dear, simple creature; and how I trembled with fear, lest, after all, I should lose her. Would she love me so well when she discovered I was not her cousin, the betrothed of her childhood? for it was evident that idea now gave her pleasure, however previously disagreeable. Must I continue to deceive her? Could I succeed in deceiving her father? and could I expect her of him without deceiving him? Might not their James J. Smith step in, and snatch the prize out of my grasp? Was I not wronging him and then by permitting myself to bear (for certainly I had not assumed) his character. No, my namesake was a rogue; and by ousting him, I secured him his desert, and the others perhaps—it could not be otherwise—their happiness. Besides, could I give up Ellen? "She, at least," thought I, "will forgive me the deceit."

"And here I am, after all, Ellen, dearest of my soul," I said, determined upon a desperate move, "and now do you hate me?"

"No, James; it's just as father wants."

"And will you marry me?"

"Yes; if father wishes."

"And to-night?"

"If—father insists upon it."

"Well, beloved, if he won't insist upon it, I do. Where is he?"

"Oh," replied Ellen, "just over in his parlour there, nodding over the papers. He was quite angry because you were not here to receive him, and because you did not come all day."

"I did not get into town till this afternoon, and, of course, have not long been in possession of his letter."

I drew it from my pocket; and how I blessed the rascally note-holder who prevented my returning it to the post-office.

"I wonder if he will recollect me?" I said; and for the life of me I could not say it in any other than a trembling voice.

"Oh no," replied Ellen; "for it is fourteen or fifteen years since he saw you, you know; and he only remembers you as a red-headed school boy. I am so glad that your hair has changed to such a beautiful brown!"

"Let us go to see him, and ask his blessing."

"He will be so surprised!" said Ellen.

The parlor was but across the passage. Six steps brought us into the presence of my venerable uncle, of whom I did not so much as know the name. All I knew of it was the initials, "B.," as subscribed in the letter. I looked of inquiry from his nap, giving me a look of inquiry.

"Cousin J.," father, said Ellen, with a blush.

"Dear sir," said I, dashing in, "rejoiced to see you. Looking at my hair, I see; not so red as in old times, sir! Did not arrive till late this afternoon; hence my misfortune in just getting your last favor." I flung it on the table. "Am delighted with Ellen, and she, I hope, with me. Beg your fatherly blessing."

And down we popped at his feet.

The old gentleman stared at us with astonishment and delight. "Bless my heart!" he cried; "why where did you stumble on her? and how did you bring her into such a good humor?"

"Oh! sir, I have been sitting with her this half hour, in her boudoir, and—"

"Ah! you dog, I like your spirit, daughter first and dad afterwards!"

"And, sir," continued I, "she finds my hair is not quite so red as she thought it was."

"Bravo, lad! and she'll have you?"

"This very night, sir, if you insist upon it, as I hope you will."

"To triumph! I do—I will. Do you hear me, Nell? I insist upon your marrying him immediately."

"Yes, sir," said Ellen.

"Ring the bell for a parson. How we shall nick that rascally Harry. Was trying to stop the match; had some villainous plan of his own; and was quite afraid of him; abused you like a pickpocket. Shall choose him handsomely. Like a parson—a parson—a kingdom for a parson."

And my venerable father-in-law skipped across the floor, rung the bell, kissed my hand, kissed his daughter, rang the bell again, and performed various other feats, which were, in their effects, of a truly legerdemain character; for, within ten minutes, as if by a trick of magic, I, who, thirty minutes before, was a heart free bachelor, free of the world and woman, was standing in a wedding group composed of persons, all of them entire strangers, my bride, my father-in-law, the clergyman, with his book, the lady of the house, and some other persons, admitted as witnesses to the ceremony, about to be married to a lady whose name I did not yet actually know.

The haste, the bustle, the extraordinary transition, my hopes, my apprehensions, my ignorance, all combined to throw me into a whirl of confusion, during which the ceremony was begun, and conducted very little to my edification; for I cannot say I distinguished one word, until my ears were suddenly struck by the important question,

"Do you James J. Smith, take this woman to be your wedded wife, &c.?" At that moment I was struck with the enormous absurdity of taking such a leap in the dark—of marrying a woman who, for aught I could tell, might be—But as I was going to bolt, (for truly that was the impulse then on me,) I caught a view of the bride's face stealing to me an upturned glance, so full of goodness, purity, affection, and heaven knows what other divine qualities, that fear changed to rapture, and I uttered the important 'yes' with all the emphasis of resolution.

How I quickened into life now, and pricked up my ears to hear my wife's name.

"Do you, Ellen Brown—"

I felt as if struck with a forty-jar charge of electricity. The name confounded, without illuminating me. In truth, I had no time for comparing facts and making inferences; for, just as the clergyman breathed the expected name of my charmer, the door flew open, and a man rushed in, hastily exclaiming, "Hold—hold—I forbid the bans."

Conceive the confusion of all present at this extraordinary interruption; and conceive my surprise, when, snatching Ellen into my arms, determined to maintain my right to her against all mankind, but particularly against James J. Smith, the genuine, who, I doubted not, was the cause of the interruption—conceive my surprise, I say, when, turning to this detested personage, my eyes fell, not upon my red-headed namesake, but my old friend and college-mate, Harry Brown, of Virginia. That he should be here; that he should cause such a dangerous interruption; that he should turn against me, his old friend, and ruin me. I gnashed my teeth at him; I raised my hand in a furious menace; and if there had been a pistol in it, I certainly should have blown his brains out.

"You forbid the bans, you scoundrel!" said my father-in-law, in a rage equal to my own; "you, you dog, you: you forbid the bans."

He was approaching my friend irefully. But Harry was looking at me. His face lighted up with wonder, followed by an air of recognition and delight; and, smothering, or trying to smother, a laugh, and laying his finger significantly along his nose, as he looked at me, he repeated, though in very altered accents—in fact, he could scarce speak for laughing—

"Yes, I forbid the bans—until Mrs. Brown gets up. She is on the stairs. What, uncle, do you expect to marry Nell off, without allowing us to be witnesses? Here she is." Enter Mrs. Harry Brown, a fine looking young matron, but not so fine as my Nell. "You thought to give us the slip, by taking the morning boat, and changing your boarding house. You forgot the evening train, and my skill in hunting down fugitives."

"And you don't oppose the match then, you dog?" cried my father-in-law, and you don't know any thing against cousin Jim, after all?"

"Oh, no; nothing at all. I approve of the match with all my heart and soul; and pray proceed with it as quickly as possible. You Ellen Brown, do take this man—But I beg the reverend gentleman's pardon."

The ceremony was resumed, and in two minutes I was married.

"Victory!" cried Harry Brown, seizing my hand, and so interrupting the first nuptial embrace, with which, according to the fashion, I was saluting my wife. "I congratulate you, cousin James J. Smith, upon having married the finest girl and richest heiress in Virginia; the very girl I intended for you. Oh, you dog, who could have thought you had the wit and spirit to accomplish the 'splendid adventure' without my assistance? Know your father-in-law's name. Don't you see my wife wants to kiss her unknown cousin?"

"You kiss her, and I'll kiss Nell. Ha—ha—ha!" And here my friend went into such explosions of laughter and rejoicing, as amazed every body except me, who began to be aware of the full extent of my good fortune.

In the midst of this joyous tumult, enter another unexpected visitor. Death! it was the red-headed gentleman of the theatre; the true James J. Smith, as my fears told me, and was rendered still more evident to my father-in-law. "Sir," said the young man grasping him affectionately by the hand, "I have, I believe, the honor of speaking to my dear uncle, Thomas Brown, and of introducing to him his unworthy nephew, James J. Smith."

"Bless my soul," cried the old gentleman, and could say no more; for he was struck dumb with astonishment.

"Had the misfortune in some unaccountable way," continued the new comer, "to miss your last favor, promised to arrive to-day," (and here the villain drew out some former letter,) "and only heard of your being here by accident. But that—I can't be mistaken! Permit me to pay my respects to my dear cousin!"

And up stepped *Alter Ego*, with captivating smile and extended hand, to my astonished wife whom he saluted as his dear cousin Ellen—Miss Brown.

"Mrs. James J. Smith, sir," said I.

"That is to be!" added Red-head, with delightful suavity.

I looked round to my friend Harry for assistance; for, I confess, at this moment my heart failed me, not that I had any fear of my contemptible namesake, indeed, but I dreaded the effect of the denouement upon my wife and father-in-law, both of whom appeared very much discomposed by the new turn of affairs. Harry looked as if about going into another burst of merriment; but he nodded his head, as if to bid me dash ahead without fear.

"Mrs. James J. Smith that is, sir," said I.

"This lady is my wife."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I am James J. Smith!"

"Sir," said I, "an am I?"

"James Jones Smith," cried Red-head, "this lady's cousin!"

"James John Smith," cried I, "this lady's husband!"

"Uncle!" exclaimed James Jones, with a look of horror and despair, "you have married Ellen to an impostor! and I am ruined for ever."

"What! an impostor!" cried Mr. Brown; "call for a constable!"

"If you do," said I, "he will only arrest your nephew there, not me, as your nephew knows full well. The young man speaks the truth, at

least, in part. He is your nephew, and he is ruined for ever; as I know as well as he; for, this afternoon, I was dunned upon an unpaid note of his for a debt of honour, a gambling debt, of near two thousand dollars, and was arrested, besides, for a tailor's bill of—"

"Oh! for heaven's sake!" interrupted my rival, deprecatingly.

"And," continued I, unmercifully, "it is but an hour since I heard him, in the public theatre, when warned to beware of the 'hawks and buzzards' who were on the watch for him, boast, to his gambling friends, of his rich and confoundedly handsome cousin here, the daughter of 'Old Rusty,' a hard-headed old hunk, as a resource that would enable him to 'hold up his head again with the best of them.'"

"Done for, by jingo!" said Mr. James Jones Smith, and sneaked out of the room.

"Oh! the abandoned villain!" quoth my father-in-law.

"And if you want more evidence of his worthiness," said Harry, stepping to my aid, "I can give it; and you know, uncle, I warned you I had heard strange tales of him. When I came round here with Mrs. Brown, to see you, and heard you were marrying away Nell, I thought it was to him; and that's the reason I forbade the bans."

"Ay, sir; and you countenanced, you aided and abetted this worthy personage," said Mr. Brown, senior, giving me a look as black as midnight; "you helped, you even instigated, a rascally impostor, here the old man gave way to rage, and Ellen began to cry, 'to cheat and deceive my girl; to rob me of my daughter.'"

"No impostor at all," said Harry. (I would have said the same thing; but he took the word out of my mouth.) "He is a gentleman, uncle; my old friend and college-mate; and the very man I wished to substitute for his namesake; the very man I hinted about to you; though I never told you his name. For, in honesty, I must confess I had some thoughts, if no other turn would serve, of getting him to personate your nephew, and so cheat you into accepting a worthless son-in-law. He has rushed into the adventure on his own suggestion, (here Harry began to laugh again,) and, I row, I admire and love him all the better for his spirit."

"It was a villainous deception," said Mr. Brown.

"I declare, sir," said I, "it was an unpremeditated, accidental one altogether. An extraordinary circumstance" (and here I related it) "threw me into Ellen's boudoir; where, upon mentioning my name, (and James J. Smith—James John Smith—is my name, sir,) she herself hailed me as her cousin; from whom I found her just on the point of running away."

"Oh! James," said Ellen, "don't tell on me! I had never seen her before; I knew not who she was; yet I fell desperately in love with her; and, to improve the opportunity (which I must otherwise have lost,) I allowed her to remain deceived. I did deceive you, in appearing as your nephew; for I saw that, otherwise, you would reject me. Yet you must give me credit for disinterested motives, sir, and for a true uncompromising affection for your daughter; since I stood up to marry her without knowing who she was, without knowing even as much as her name."

"Very fine, indeed," said the snarling Mr. Brown; "but as you had heard your namesake talk of the 'rich,' as well as 'devilish handsome' daughter of the 'hard-headed Old Rusty,' (confound the jackanapes!) you must permit me to believe you were reminded of her two recommendations together—"

"I declare," interrupted I, "I hadn't time to think of anything but her beauty."

"But, sir," continued my father-in-law, sternly, "my nephew forgot to let you, and his rascally associates know, sir, that my daughter's riches, sir, depended on the will of her father, sir; and that she will never get a penny, sir, for marrying a man I disapprove of, sir?"

"Then, sir," said I, "I am proud to assure you that fortune has placed me beyond the necessity of lamenting your disapproval; for, thank heaven, I have enough, and more than enough, to secure your daughter's happiness, if love and a handsome competency can secure it."

"Shall have it all!" said 'Old Rusty,' grasping my hand warmly; "for I was only trying you; and I see you are a good fellow. Confound that rascally nephew! what an escape we have had! And it is all owing to his" (this was spoken to Harry and the others) "having the same name, being a better fellow, and not having red hair!"

"And you aint my cousin, after all?" murmured the soft voice of Ellen in my ear.

"No, my love; but—"

"But my husband! Oh! it is very funny. But I shall love you all the better. And I am so glad you deceived us; otherwise father might have never consented."

"And if he had not?"

"Then, perhaps—yes, then—if you had asked me—I should have run away with you! But now let us liberate Susan, and give her a scolding."

"Oh!" said the lady of the house, "she, or her Jimmy, has picked the lock, and they have run away together."

"Well, let her go," said Ellen, "fate has provided me a better travelling companion; and I do not care now how soon we start off to Niagara."

"Ah! the dear creature! She has not yet ceased to laugh and rejoice over the oddity of our courtship and marriage; and, as for me, I never recount, without a thrill of pleasure, my half hour's Adventures in the Wrong House."

MEXICAN INDEMNITY.—It is said on good authority that the Mexican Minister has on several occasions given the assurance to individuals, that the instalments due on the 30th instant, under the late convention with Mexico, will be most certainly paid.

There is every reason to believe that the Mexican Government is preparing to meet its Treaty engagements in good faith; and it due vigilance, and activity are used by our own Government, we have no doubt that we shall soon have an earnest of this, in the receipt of the first instalment. It is to be paid at Mexico on the 30th of this month.

THE TOMB OF LAFAYETTE.—In a small private cemetery in Paris lie the remains of the only one whose name is as familiar, and whose memory is cherished as fondly, in America as it is in France. Over the tomb of Lafayette is no imposing monument; nothing but a plain marble slab marks the spot. The members of his family are all buried here. And without this small inclosure, one can read the names of many others of the most able and illustrious men of the last century. But the graves of all are simple and unostentatious.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 16, 1843.

Democratic State Convention.

A Democratic State Convention will be held at the Court House, in Baxton, on the twenty-second of June next, at nine o'clock A. M. The objects of the Convention are,

First—To nominate a Candidate for Governor.

Second—To take such order in regard to a Democratic National Convention and the election of Delegates thereto, as shall be thought expedient.

All towns and regularly organized plantations having 1500 inhabitants and under, will send one delegate each. Towns and Cities having more than 1500 and not exceeding 3000, will send each two delegates—over 3000 and not exceeding 4500 three, and so on in the same ratio.

Plantations organized for the purpose of voting and not for taxation, are not entitled to separate representation, but may vote for the choice of Delegates in any towns where they are entitled to vote for Governor.

A. NOURSE, ALFRED JOHNSON, P. C. JOHNSON, AUGUSTINE HAINES, I. C. HAYNES, State Central Committee.

May 11, 1843.

THORN'S TRIAL AND CONDEMNATION.—Thorn has at last gone through that most searching, scrutinizing and most awfully impressive scene, a trial by Jury.

He was charged with the horrid crime of murdering Mr. Elisha Wilson, of Harpswell, on the 5th of last Feb. This charge could not be proved by positive evidence. No one except Wilson's wife, who is now on trial for the same crime, could have seen the deed perpetrated. It was done as such deeds are generally done, solitary and alone, under the cover of silent night. The evidence showed plainly and conclusively that Wilson must have been slain—that violent hands must have been laid on him. This being admitted, the question was who done the deed? Was it Thorn—was it Wilson's wife—or was it both of them acting in concert—or was it some one that no one saw, that no one knew? It is not certain that Thorn committed this murder; but if it was true, as was shown by some of the evidence, that Thorn was about renewing a former intimacy with the wife of Wilson, and which he knew was criminal and hazardous in the extreme, is it not very probable that he might resort to murder to remove the only supposed barrier to his happiness? And if he did not commit the murder, and the man did not come to his end by any accidental injury, how can his murder be accounted for? With all our prejudices arrayed against conviction on circumstantial evidence, we believe that this case that we believe Thomas Thorn is the murderer of Elisha Wilson. We therefore consider the verdict of the Jury correct and according to the evidence in the case. They have discharged a most painful duty; but they have acquitted themselves like men.

The management of the case on both sides was conducted with great care and caution. Every circumstance was duly appreciated. Thorn's counsel, in particular, showed and, from the report of the case, appeared to feel an unusual degree of solicitude.

They made the most of every palating circumstance, and conducted the whole defence with great perseverance and ingenuity. The following paragraph was uttered by Mr. Fessenden in his address to the Jury. It is strikingly eloquent.

"Suppose you should convict him, and something should turn up hereafter to prove his innocence? Ah! gentlemen, what would be the effect? Could you ever escape the thought—and would not the image of that young man be ever at your sides? It would accompany you to your fields and workshops. That other people thought him guilty, will not avail you! Reflect, gentlemen, I conjure you, reflect! Upon evidence entirely circumstantial, you send a fellow being in all the bloom of youth and manhood, before the fullness of his time, to his long last account! His blood, gentlemen, may sink into the ground, and water the tree, upon the branches of which, some other unfortunate victim of circumstantial evidence may be suspended! Do not, gentlemen, if there be a possibility of a doubt in his favor, do not, I charge you, destroy that life, which God himself has given, as the habitation of an immortal soul!"

Murders have become alarmingly frequent in this country. They are events so common that they scarcely excite our surprise, or strike us with any just sense of their enormity. But Maine, we think, cannot be charged with having committed so many, in proportion to her population, as many other States. May not this fact be owing to the circumstance that whenever a murder has been committed it has been thoroughly ferreted out, and conviction and punishment sure to follow? We are fully of opinion that such a course tends to lessen and even to prevent crime.

We would ever pray that Maine may stand preeminent in these respects; not only for the paucity of its crimes, but also for the certainty of punishment to the criminals.

THE APPORTIONMENT.

The Kennebec Journal says our equanimity was disturbed on account of the charges which it made against the Oxford and Lincoln Congressional District. The Journal is mistaken, we are, and were, as calm as a clock.

The form of the District the Journal considers its worst feature. Now, we consider this objection of but little importance; and if it will please the Journal we will admit that its shape is not so symmetrical and regular as some of the other Districts. But the Journal very well knows that objections to its shape merely can have neither a Constitutional or legal bearing on the case. Where is it said among the laws and usages of this State that we shall cut our Districts according to Geometry, making them all into squares, triangles, or parallelograms? If there be nothing of this kind,

how utterly futile and trivial it is to talk about the "hideous deformity" of this District. Half the Districts are liable to the same objections.

Inequality of population, between this District and York, is the next feature which the Journal censures. What consistency does a man show when he complains of an inequality of 12,000 inhabitants, when that same man, (mark it!), when that same man voted for a bill making an inequality of 30,000!! and an excess of 20,000! over the number required to elect a Representative! The mere statement of such a fact is sufficient to show the notice which calls out his censure. In regard to that Bond, Mr. Journal, to which you have so often alluded, you will please prove its existence, or else procure a patent to circulate and repeat such unfounded slanders with impunity, without the least regard to conscience.

WHO WILL BE GOVERNOR?

As near as we can judge, our next Governor will be an eastern man. The preferences of the different Democratic Journals are indicative of such an event. It is pretty certain that the Age, Bangor Democrat, and the Belfast Republican Journal, will favor this course; consequently, it is supposed, the nomination will fall on H. J. Anderson, Esq. of Belfast, or Gorham Parks, Esq. of Bangor. The Argus and that "section" will favor the present acting Governor, Mr. Kavanagh.

It seems to be the well settled opinion of the Democratic party that the selection ought to be made from that region, and if so, we are disposed to give our aid, what little we may have, to the interest of the majority.

Emancipation—12,000,000 of Slaves liberated. England, it is said, has liberated her slaves in the East Indies, amounting to twelve millions. We are somewhat incredulous in regard to this fact. Does she not still hold them as apprentices in her service? If so, only the name of slavery has been altered, while the condition of the slave has not in the least been ameliorated. Has white slavery been abolished in England? When it is, some virtue will attach to the deed; if not, disgrace still clings to British policy and British oppression.

Arrest of Shipman.—A few weeks since the special Agent of the New York and Philadelphia Merchants, having a large quantity of funds entrusted to his care, took occasion to "make off" and seek his fortune in some other country. He was not to be found and eluded all search for some time. At length we hear that he has been arrested. He was found in Illinois, but is now on his way to New York. The Portland American thinks, that if tried he will be acquitted on the ground of insanity. We should like to ask the American if every improper exercise of the moral and intellectual faculties ought not to be denominated insanity and treated accordingly.

Fare on board the British Steamers.—The fare from London to New York is thirty guineas, and a guinea to the Steward—equal to about \$115. The fare from New York to London is \$100, and five dollars to the Steward. This is a considerable reduction on former prices.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

The last number of this paper was the commencement of its twelfth volume; and we feel it due to one of the ablest democratic papers in Maine to say a word in its favor. Ever since our assumption of the editorial chair in Portland, we have been accustomed to regard the Oxford Democrat as among the truest, soundest and most thorough exponents of the principles and usages of the party. It belongs not to the mean, cringing, mercenary class of political papers, but is open and fearless—uttering the truth uncompromisingly. It is an honor to old Oxford, and we trust the people of that noble Democratic County will give it the ample support it so highly merits. But, apart from its political character, its columns manifest superior intellectual ability. May its shade never be less!—Portland American.

A PIRATE.—A passenger, arrived at New York on Monday from Matanzas, states that a vessel arrived at Matanzas from the Canaries a day or two before he left, with 75 passengers; they reported that when off the Bahama Banks they were chased a whole day by a piratical looking schooner, manned by blacks, and nearly overhauled, when at last the captain of the Spanish vessel mustered all his passengers as well as the crew on deck, armed as thoroughly as possible, and prepared for a conflict, when the suspicious vessel, seeing her decks crowded with armed men, hauled off and hoisted Hazyen colors.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.

The following is a list of the Congressmen elected: District—Democrats. Districts—Whigs.

1. Achibald Atkinson 2. Willoughby Newton, 3. Geo. C. Dromgoole 4. Samuel Chilton 5. Walter Coles 6. Edmund W. Hubbard 7. Thomas W. Gilmer 8. John W. Jones 9. Henry A. Wise (Tyler) 10. Wm. F. Lucas 11. Wm. Taylor 12. A. A. Chapman 13. Geo. W. Hopkins 14. ————Hayes 15. Lewis J. Steenrod.

TWELVE DEMOCRATS—MR. WISE—AND TWO WHIGS!!

The Richmond Enquirer says:—

"We have seen no contest in the State for several years past, which has embraced more important offices, called out so much competition, and excited so profound an interest—always excepting, the celebrated race of November 1840."

A TEMPEST.—On Sunday night, May 7th, about 1 o'clock, a most remarkable tempest was witnessed in the town of Litchfield. It lasted about five minutes, during which time considerable damage was done to property. A man named William Wharf was so severely injured that his life is despaired of. The lightning struck him on the left side of his head, passed down across his chest, burning the skin off as it went, and passed off at his right foot. He is about 25 years of age, and has a wife and child. The lightning passed through every room in the house, and set it on fire; but the fire was extinguished without doing much damage. One or two other persons were slightly injured.

The Jury came into Court on Tuesday morning, at 9 o'clock. The court room was crowded to a jam; and a due proportion of the fair sex, graced the gallery.

The Jury having been called and answered to their names, the Clerk called upon them, though the Foreman to say if they had "agreed to a verdict."

FOREMAN. We have.

CLERK. Rise, Mr. Foreman. Prisoner rise, and hold up your right hand. Mr. Foreman look upon the prisoner. Prisoner, look upon the foreman of the Jury. What say you, Mr. Foreman, is Thomas Thorne, the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty of the charge against him?

FOREMAN. "GUILTY!"

CLERK. In the first or second degree?

FOREMAN. In the first degree.

CLERK. So you say, Mr. Foreman, so Gentlemen, you all say?

The Jury assented—the prisoner compressed his lips—breathed rapidly—and sat down. God pity him!

F. O. J. SMITH, Esq. proposed to file exceptions to the charge of his Honor, Judge Whitman. The Judge informed him that "exceptions did not lie," and that he must either move a new trial, or move in arrest of judgment. After a remark or two he was referred to the Attorney General—the prisoner was remanded to prison—and thus ended one of the most exciting trials which has ever occurred in the State of Maine.

EXCEPTIONS OF THORNE'S COUNCIL TO THE CHARGE OF THE COURT.

Messrs. F. O. J. Smith and W. P. Fessenden, for Thorne, moved for an arrest of judgment and a new trial yesterday in the case of Thorne, on the following grounds, which we take from the Advertiser.

1. Because the charge of the Chief Justice was argumentative against the prisoner.

2. Because the charge instructed the Jury that, by our law, one witness is sufficient to establish a fact—whereas, it should have been left with the Jury to determine.

3. Because presumptive evidence was admitted of the administration of arsenic to the deceased by the prisoner.

4. Because the charge to the Jury stated that if it were in the prisoner's power to disprove any facts alleged against him, and he did not, it would warrant inferences unfavorable to him, and the charge stated that if the opinions of the Surgeons were inaccurate, there were others in the Court, who could have been called to correct them—whereas it was not in evidence that there were any such other Surgeons in the Court Room, or that the prisoner knew there were.

5. Because the prisoner has discovered since the trial that one of the witnesses adduced against him, is a man of notoriously bad character, and of no reputation for truth and veracity (naming Benjamin Wilson) of which the prisoner and his counsel were ignorant at the time.

The motion was argued at length and with ability by the counsel for the defence and the Attorney General.

After the argument the Court adjourned until half past 2 o'clock, P. M. At the opening of the afternoon session, Judge Tenney delivered a very able opinion, in which the grounds urged by the defence were carefully considered. The motion was not granted.

The Attorney General then moved that the prisoner be brought in for sentence, which was ordered, and Thorne was taken into the prisoner's box. He was then asked if he had any thing to say why sentence should not be passed upon him.

Thorne. All I have to say, sir, is that I am innocent in the sight of God and man!

Judge. Any thing farther?

Thorne. No, sir.

The Court then rose, and the Chief Justice addressed the prisoner solemnly and touchingly. He reminded him of the horrible nature of his offence—the depravity to which he must have attained at so early an age—the importance of repentance, and preparing himself to meet the last Judge of us all. He then proceeded with quivering voice to sentence him "to be hung by the neck, until he is dead, and until the time of his execution be confined in the State Prison at Thomaston at hard labor."

Thorne appeared to be entirely unconcerned; in short, he was apparently a simple spectator. He was dressed neatly, in a black suit with satin vest and stock, but had showed the good taste to have the monstrous quantity of soap-jocks clipped, which he has cultivated heretofore. He wears a handsome pair of black whiskers, has a dark, piercing eye, but a bad look.

By the laws of the State, he cannot be hung under a year after the sentence, and then it is optional with the Governor to order the execution, or allow him to be continued at hard labor in the Prison. As no Executive will take the responsibility of his death to the present state of public sentiment on capital punishment, the sentence is equivalent to imprisonment for life.

STATE vs. MRS. LOUISA WILSON,

For the murder of her Husband.

NOT GUILTY!

It was true, his Honor said, that that the prisoner had made statements that were false relative to her husband's falling out of bed, but that these things might be accounted for by her unfortunate position;—that, after being roused from her sleep by the blow and the stranglings of her husband, she might have become satisfied that Thorne committed the murder, but that she might be unwilling to prod him the truth, and he a party to his condemnation. Or she might have been influenced by fear of her own safety under the peculiar circumstances of the case. (Her own story is that she was roused from sleep by the sound of a blow—that she struggled on to the floor, and fell—that she heard him repeat the name of Thorne before he died—that she procured a light, and called for Thorne, and he immediately entered fully dressed—that by threats and by persuasion he induced her to aid him in concealing the murder—and that her statement before the coroner was such as he instructed her to say.)

The suggestions to the Chief Justice were made in the presence of the Attorney General, who then stated that the case presented itself to him in the same light, and he was willing to enter a *not pros.* on the indictment.

Howard and Osmond, counsel for the defendant, preferred that as he case had been presented to the jury on the part of the government, a verdict should be rendered for the prisoner.

The Attorney General expressed his willing-

ness that a verdict of Not Guilty should be returned.

The Jury then retired, and in a few minutes came back with a verdict of "NOT GUILTY," and she was thereupon discharged to the evident satisfaction of the crowded audience, and especially the ladies in the gallery.

As soon as the verdict was announced, Mrs. Wilson burst into a laugh, and gave other manifest tokens of pleasure. She is very pretty, and has a quiet, innocent look.

It was a righteous result.—*American.*

TRouble among the COOKS.—Abel M. Bryant, Esq. has been appointed Postmaster at Kennebunk, vice Samuel Mendum, Coon, removed. Mr. Bryant, it is understood is the Democratic representative from that town in the State Legislature.—*Saco Democrat.*

NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY.—Among the passengers in the Steamer Libertia, at Boston, from Liverpool, are Capt. Broughton and Robinson, and Lieut. Ripon of the British army, who, in connection with a deputation of American engineers, are to lay down and mark the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick, according to the treaty.

Mr. DANIEL MAYBERRY, of Gray, Maine, lost his children within one month. The following is a copy of the record of their births and deaths:—

"Charles Mayberry, born July 3d, 1838, died Feb. 17, 1843. Hannah Mayberry, born Oct. 15th, 1831, died Feb. 9th, 1843. Thomas C. Mayberry, born April 12th, 1835, died Feb. 9th, 1843. Elias F. Mayberry, born April 25, 1837, died March 9th, 1843. Elizabeth F. Mayberry, by July 27th, 1841, died Feb. 16, 1843."

The Italian who attempted to assassinate the Mayor of Philadelphia, made an attempt upon his own life in prison, but the wounds were not expected to be fatal.—*American.*

FROM ENGLAND.

The packet ship England, Bartlett, which left Liverpool on the 9th of April, arrived at New York on Sunday, bringing news five days late. Lord Brougham's vote of thanks to Lord Salisbury, had been carried without a division.

Mr. Everett has made a formal demand of a steamer, a citizen of the United States, who has been impressed on board some British ship of war on the African station. This Government has already met the demand, by ordering the Chile, 16 guns, to proceed forthwith to the coast of Africa, scour the same in the search of the man, and place him, as soon as possible, at the disposal of the American minister. Particulars of this case have not yet transpired; but there is no doubt that some atonement will be made to the man, as well as to the minister, who has thus been compelled to interpose his surrender.

Counterfeit five dollar bills of the Casco Bank, Portland, are said to be in circulation. They are altered notes of some fraudulent Bank, and the paper is much thinner than the word Casco is written than any other part of the bill.

GOV. CLEVELAND, ON CONVICTION.—Mr. N. Haven Register, of Saturday, states that the injury received by Gov. Cleveland is a more serious nature than was at first supposed. His knee pan is badly broken—he is confined to his couch and is not allowed to move his leg from a certain position, and will not be able to reach Hartford before the middle of the session.

ANECDOTE.—A Protestant clergyman met a Catholic gentleman a few days since, and reproached him about some opinion forms of Catholic worship, their tenets of belief, &c., and concluded by saying, "Now Catholics hold the virgin Mary in as much reverence as they do Christ himself, while I do not consider her any higher in the scale of perfection than I do of my own mother." "Well," answered the Catholic, "I am not disposed to discuss the comparative merits of the two mothers, but I must be allowed to say there is a vast difference between their sons."

THE REPORT COURTEOUS.—Edward Everett, our present Minister in England delivered an oration before the Phi Kappa Society at Cambridge, at their annual celebration, a few years ago and after the public exercises were over, the Society had a dinner as is usual on such occasions. Judge Stof, who presides at the tables, is said to have proposed the following sentiment, after the cloth was removed, in compliment to the orator.

"The Orator of the day—Applause follows the footsteps of fine wherever it (Everett) goes." This directed the attention of the whole company to Mr. Everett, who immediately arose and made the following very happy remark:

"The Members of the Legal Profession.—However lofty their aspirations may be, they can never rise higher than one Story."

REMOVALS.—A letter from Washington says: "Mr. T. Hayley Crawford has been removed from the office of Commissioner in the Indian Department to make room for Mr. Tyson of Philadelphia. The removal and appointment to take effect May 1st. The Chief Clerk of the same department is also removed, to give place to some Pennsylvanian."

Many other changes are spoken of, but these I enumerate as certain to take place.

F. O. J. SMITH is spoken of in place of A. K. Paris, Second Comptroller, giving to the Governor, if he is talked of, some appointment in Maine.

Isaac Hill is talked of in place of either Dayton or Pleasanton, the fourth and fifth Auditors."

SEARCHING AMERICAN VESSELS.—The Madisonian says: "We see it stated that two American vessels have recently been searched on the coast of Africa by a British cruiser—and the officers of one of them insulted and rudely treated. We are not aware that any information on the subject has yet been communicated to our Government; but if such an occurrence has actually transpired, we have reason to believe that prompt and decisive steps will be taken. From the North to the South, from the East to the West, there is not an American who would not draw

his sword in defence of the ground assumed by our Government, in relation to the alleged right of search set up by a British Government.—The attempt to put such a bullying 'right' in operation on American vessels, will certainly be resisted in an efficient manner."

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.—The Democratic party now occupies an eminently central position. Although triumphant beyond parallel—having the ascendancy at the seat of Government, and in nearly every State in the Union—it is threatened with disruption and downfall.

Let there be no division on principle. On the final rights of man the democracy are knit together. On the best mode of perpetuating those rights there is hardly a shadow of disagreement. But upon the comparatively paltry question when the National Convention shall be held and how it shall be organized, we are in danger of being rent asunder, and throwing our gloriously gotten ascendancy into the enemy's hands.

Nearly all the States, that have spoken on the matter, have named May, 1844, as the time, and electing delegates by districts as the mode. This is the clearly and fully expressed wish of a majority of the democratic party. Yet some of the ill-judging friends of Mr. Van Buren—supposing this to be a preliminary Calhoun movement—are already sowing the seeds of disorganization.—Well, what if it be a Calhoun movement? Does that destroy its obvious fairness? Are they afraid to defer Mr. Van Buren's claims until that period? It certainly looks so. The time proposed gives ample opportunity to discuss the relative merits—always in an amicable mood we expect—of the several candidates; while the mode will bring out the voice of the whole democracy. If Mr. Van Buren cannot get the nomination of such a Convention, then he ought not to desire it. Indeed so far as that gentleman personally is concerned, we presume it is a matter of indifference as to time and mode. We doubt not he is entirely willing to have the question of preference fairly and honorably tested. If at that Convention he shall be nominated—although not our first choice—we shall throw ourselves into the effort for his election with all the energies we can command.—*Portland American.*

TEXAS.—A letter from the Centre Hill, Texas, dated the 25th of March, says: "Our season is more like a Northern Winter than a Southern Spring. On the 15th instant a man was frozen to death while on his way from this place to his home, some six miles. Yesterday I came near perishing in travelling some distance north, and while I was clothed much warmer than accustomed to when I resided in the State of New York in the most severe seasons. We have no more indications of Spring than we had on the 1st of January last. The grass has been killed by white frost, and our cattle are perishing for want of food. We shall have to re-plant our crops unless there is a speedy change."

STUMPING IT.—We see by a Montreal paper, that a gentleman with wooden legs, if that city, has challenged a friend in the same condition, to a race, which was to come off in a few days.

WOUND UP.—The Farmers' Bank at Amherst, N. H., has wound up its affairs, dismissed its Cashier, sold its banking house, and is now ready to cancel all its debts, and redeem all its bills outstanding against it.

John Neal, of Portland, is to assume the editorial charge of the "Brother Jonathan."

DIED.

On board whale ship Jno. Howland, of New Bedford, May 4, William Wood, seaman, of Rutherford Point, Me. aged about 25 years.

In East Livermore, April 17th, Mr. George Turner, aged 42 years.

To the Honorable County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, at their session to be held at Paris on the second Tuesday of May, A. D., 1843.

WHEREAS, the County Commissioners for said County, in December, A. D., 1841, located a County road through the northern part of the town of Livermore, on the petition of George W. Pierpont and others, thereby subjecting the County to heavy damages and said town of Livermore to great and unreasonable expenses; and, whereas, said road was viewed by said Commissioners and said road located at an unfavorable season of the year, (the ground being covered with snow) it is therefore believed that if the public convenience requires a new road, or an alteration through the northern part of said town, the present location is not on the most convenient route. Therefore, the inhabitants of said town, legally assembled for the purpose of considering the public interests in the aforesaid location, voted to petition your honors to re-view said route and after due proceedings had thereon, to alter or discontinue the whole or such part of said road as common prudence may require.

ISAAC STRICKLAND, Special Agent for said town.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss.—At a meeting of the County Commissioners, begun and holden at Paris, within and for said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of May, A. D., 1843.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, That the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the tavern at North Livermore Corners, in said Livermore, on the fifteenth day of August next, at ten o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition, and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition, and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Canton and Livermore, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said towns of Canton and Livermore, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the last of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of said petition and order thereon.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

Collector's Notice.—Andover.

Resident owners and proprietors of lands in the town of Andover, County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the same are taxed for the years 1840 and 1841 in Bills committed to me, the undersigned Collector of said town of Andover for the years 1840 and 1841, by the Assessors of said town and remain unpaid as follows, viz:

For 1840.	For 1841.	No. Acres.	Value.	Total.
Owners' Names.	Range.	Value.	Value.	Value.
James Dalrymple	7 Y 1	100	\$	\$
do	2 B 2	100		
do	2 B 2	100		
do	13 B 2	100		
do	7 4	100		
Unk., Jas. F. Bragg farm	10 2 Kimball mill	100	500	625
Nathan Abbott	10 1 Kimball mill	100	75	75
1841—Owners' Names.				
Nathan Abbott	10 1 Kimball mill	100	75	83
Heirs of Jas. Dalrymple	7 Y 1	100		
do	2 B 2	100		
do	7 4	100		
do	13 B 2	100		
do	2 B 2	100		
Unknown	1 4 2	3	450	60
Unknown	8 1 Kimball mill	100	150	1,65
Unk., Jas. F. Bragg farm	10 2 Kimball mill	100	500	6,60
Liberty Hall house, shop and barn	2 B 2	2	325	4,40
do	4 3 2	100	75	3,25
Meramack Company Mills				15,40
Union Hall, stable and income				15,40

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the collector, on or before Wednesday the twenty-seventh day of September next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, I shall proceed to sell at Lewis Crockett's Inn, in said Andover, so much of said lands as will discharge said taxes and charges.

GEORGE G. BRAGG, Collector of Andover for 1840 and 1841.

Andover, April 24, 1843.

Will the Age copy and send bill to Collector for settlement.

G. G. B.

To the Honorable County Commissioners for Oxford County, at their session May, 1843.

THE undersigned would respectfully request you to examine the County road and Kimball's farm, on the road leading from Ayers Mason's to Dr. Wiley's, and make such alteration and new location as shall show the Blake hill and Chapman hill. Then to pass up the river road to Jesse Cross and examine the road over the Robertson Town and Cape Hill, and cross the ground north of Capt. Clark's, up and near the river, to the school house near Leonard Grover's, and locate the road to Benjamin Goodenough's house and lay the road south of said house, so that the ascent shall be less steep from the intervals to the plain bottom. Then to view the road over Pleasant river bridge to John Mason's, in Gilead, and make such alterations as may be thought expedient; from thence to Wild river bridge, and from said bridge to locate and establish the road in the best place, by the Wild Larry's, to the State line.

Then your petitioners ask you to view the road from Jedediah Burbank's to Robbins Brown's, in Bethel, and locate it on the level land east of Charles Frost's buildings up the mill brook valley to said Brown's, in lieu of the old hilly road: From thence to examine the road to Bangs road, to view the chance and lay the road from the now travelled road on Wilder Kimball's farm, from Jonathan Clay's house, to the road between Wm. Bates and Aaa Young's, to clear the Estes hill; and to view the river road by Grover's mills to Frost's mills, in Albany, and make an alteration from the present location in the west end of the river, to avoid a rise of land over the bridges and by the mill; and, finally, your honorable board are requested to make all alterations, discontinuances, and amendments necessary in the above mentioned roads in Gilead, Bethel, and Albany to establish these great country roads as short and direct as may be, along the natural valleys on the low lands, to convene and accommodate the great public travel with as good and level roads as the country will admit.

JOHN GROVER, and 50 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss.—At a meeting of the County Commissioners, begun and holden at Paris, within and for said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of May, A. D., 1843.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, That the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at John Hunt's tavern, in said Albany, on the thirtieth day of July next, at ten o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition, and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Gilead, Bethel, and Albany, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said towns of Gilead, Bethel, and Albany, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the last of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of said petition and order thereon.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss.—At a meeting of the County Commissioners, begun and holden at Paris, within and for said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of May, A. D., 1843.

WHEREAS, the County Commissioners for said County, in December, A. D., 1841, located a County road through the northern part of the town of Livermore, on the petition of George W. Pierpont and others, thereby subjecting the County to heavy damages and said town of Livermore to great and unreasonable expenses; and, whereas, said road was viewed by said Commissioners and said road located at an unfavorable season of the year, (the ground being covered with snow) it is therefore believed that if the public convenience requires a new road, or an alteration through the northern part of said town, the present location is not on the most convenient route. Therefore, the inhabitants of said town, legally assembled for the purpose of considering the public interests in the aforesaid location, voted to petition your honors to re-view said route and after due proceedings had thereon, to alter or discontinue the whole or such part of said road as common prudence may require.

JOHN SIMMONS, Special Agent for said town of Canton.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss.—At a meeting of the County Commissioners, begun and holden at Paris, within and for said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of May, A. D., 1843.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, That the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at John Kelsey's tavern, at Canton Point, on the twenty-eighth day of July next, at ten o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition, and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Canton and Livermore, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said towns of Canton and Livermore, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the last of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

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Owners' Names.	Range.	Value.	Value.	Value.
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do	13 B 2	100		
do	7 4	100		
Unk., Jas. F. Bragg farm	10 2 Kimball mill	100	500	625
Nathan Abbott	10 1 Kimball mill	100	75	75
1841—Owners' Names.				
Nathan Abbott	10 1 Kimball mill	100	75	83
Heirs of Jas. Dalrymple	7 Y 1	100		
do	2 B 2	100		
do	7 4	100		
do	13 B 2	100		
do	2 B 2	100		
Unknown	1 4 2	3	450	60
Unknown	8 1 Kimball mill	100	150	1,65
Unk., Jas. F. Bragg farm	10 2 Kimball mill	100	500	6,60
Liberty Hall house, shop and barn	2 B 2	2	325	4,40
do	4 3 2	100	75	3,25
Meramack Company Mills				15,40
Union Hall, stable and income				15,40

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the collector, on or before Wednesday the twenty-seventh day of September next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, I shall proceed to sell at Lewis Crockett's Inn, in said Andover, so much of said lands as will discharge said taxes and charges.

GEORGE G. BRAGG, Collector of Andover for 1840 and 1841.

Andover, April 24, 1843.

Will the Age copy and send bill to Collector for settlement.

G. G. B.

To the Honorable Commissioners for the County of Oxford, to be in session the second Tuesday of May, 1843.

THE inhabitants of Albany, in said County, would respectfully request to your Honors, that two several alterations in the roads in said town, would be a public benefit, and relieve the town of a portion of its burden; also, the County of the sum of \$100, awarded to Parsons Haskell for damage by the present location. The first is a small alteration in the present travelled road commencing near Bethel line and terminating by a straight course near the dwelling-house of Eben Upton. The second is an alteration in the river road, so called, commencing on the road leading from the present travelled road to Grover's Mill, and taking a more easterly direction than the present location, passing easterly of Parsons Haskell's buildings and intersecting the present location near Frost's Mill.—Therefore, your petitioners pray that after the necessary preliminary measures shall be taken, your Honors would proceed to make the prayer for alterations and discontinuance so much of the present locations as shall be rendered unnecessary, and so to duty bound will ever pray.

The inhabitants of Albany, by

AARON CUMMINGS, Agent.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss.—At a meeting of the County Commissioners, begun and holden at Paris, within and for said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of May, A. D., 1843.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at John Hunt's tavern, in said Albany, on the thirtieth day of July next, at ten o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition, and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Albany, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said town of Albany, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the last of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the time of said meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and order thereon.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, WALTER E. MANN, of Mexico in the County of Oxford, on the twenty-ninth day of June, A. D. 1835, by his deed of Mortgage of that date, conveyed to John Harlow, of Hebron, in said County, a certain tract or parcel of land situated in Range two, except twenty-five acres off of the south end of said Lot; also, all of lot number twelve, Range three, except the west half and twenty-five acres off of the north end of the east half, and also twenty acres off of the south end of Lot eleven in Range three; which deed of Mortgage is recorded in the Oxford Registry, Book 52, page 220; and which said mortgage deed was duly assigned by the said John Harlow to the subscribers for a valuable consideration, April 13, 1837; and whereas the conditions of the said deed have been broken, the subscribers hereby give this public notice to foreclose the same, agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided.

EDWARD HARLOW, BPHRAIM RICHARDS.

May 6, 1843.

Notice of Foreclosure.

THE subscriber being Assignee of a mortgage dated and given the ninth day of April, A. D. 1833, by John Cooper and Joseph Briggs to Polly Cummings, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 30, page 359, of the following described land, hereby gives notice that the conditions of said mortgage have been broken by reason whereof a Foreclosure is claimed, viz: A parcel of land situated in Range three, the western part of Lot No. 10, in the

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